

Watching

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Summary: 'If the boy had flinched when they'd chained up his dragon, well, then, he'd deserve that. But he hadn't. He'd just watched.'

Drabble.

Watching

\*\*A/N: I just rewatched this movie and holy crow, I forgot how good it was. It was just like...and then I was really depressed because I realized adorable little Hiccup is gone. BABY HICCUP IS GONE, DO YOU HEAR ME?! And in the sequel, he's going to be all cool and buff-looking and it's just like...ugh...Dreamworks, why? Why did you have to make him grow up? \*\*

\*\*And then, I thought, well, what about Stoick? Any angst begging to be written there? So I was watching the 'Ready the Ships' scene and I was like, yep, yep, there is angst begging to be written there! xD\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Through it all, Hiccup watched.</p>

After every time he'd accidentally hurt someone with those faulty weapons of his, he'd flinch a little. Every time Stoick yelled at him, he flinched and ducked his head.

Every time Gobber scolded him for doing something wrong, he flinched and blushed.

But he didn't flinch. Those green eyes showed pain, unbearable, unimaginable pain, pain that Stoick wanted to take away, but at the same time believed he ought to ignore the watching figure.

He ought to ignore the boy, watching unflinchingly.

If the boy had flinched when they'd chained up his dragon, well, then, he'd deserve that. But he hadn't. He'd just watched. He hadn't left. He hadn't even showed any signs of walking away. He had the look of a person whose world just shattered around him. He looked like he had given up on trying to put it back together.

If the boy had flinched when Stoick had glared at him, well, then, he'd deserve that, too. But he didn't. He looked down at Stoick and he shook his head slightly, such a small movement, but he conveyed so much disappointment with the simple back and forth motion.

His eyes screamed, 'how could you, Dad?!"

But he stayed silent.

And had he talked, had he broken down in such heavy tears that he couldn't see thanks to them blurring his vision, well, then, Stoick thought, he would have shrugged it off. He would've thought his son weak.

But his son was never weak.

His son didn't flinch. He just watched. His son didn't cry. He just watched.

His son didn't watch. His son didn't bend. For the first time in a long time, Hiccup didn't flinch. And he didn't bend. He broke.

End  
file.